

# Life and Light for Woman

The Exodus from Adabazar

Mary E. Kinney

Then and Now in Aruppukottai

C. E. Quickenden

A Memorable Day at White Plains

**Congregational Women's Boards  
of Missions  
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON**

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**THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY AND SOME OF HER CHINESE CHILDREN.**

The Kindergarten at Tientsin, China. The young Chinese teacher stands at the back and Carolyn Sewall, who needs no introduction to American Congregationalists, sits in the center of the group. Miss Sewall is just now in America getting acquainted anew with the hundreds of American boys and girls who are solely responsible for her support.

# Life and Light

Vol. LI

February, 1921

No. 2

## The Exodus from Adabazar

Miss Kinney Moves to Ismid

IT is now six weeks since we were transported from Adabazar, bag and baggage, and all that time I have been trying to get a chance to write you. Today I am taking the opportunity afforded me by an ulcerated tooth which keeps me away from school and therefore gives me time to write.

Of course you know that for six months we were shut up in Adabazar, almost entirely cut off from communication with the outside world. We passed through some very anxious days but for some reason we were preserved from the fate of so many of the villages all about us. As the news came to us of the destruction of neighboring Armenian and Greek villages we never knew but our turn would come next, but the Turks in the city were clever enough to realize that a general massacre of Christians would be against their own interests and so they opposed such stringent measures. Fortunately for us their influence was strong enough, really to prevent the brigands from working their will.

Way back in April Armenians began to leave the city and by the middle of June there had been such an exodus that I was obliged to close the day school department and begin to try to find means to send my teachers, who were from outside, away. But just as I was getting ready for this, Nationalists took possession of the city and so they were all imprisoned with us through the summer. Finally I succeeded in getting them off on September 9, overland, but at great expense, as carriages were at a premium on account of the danger of horses being seized. It cost Lt. 10.00 per person for a journey that in ordinary times by rail would have cost 60 piastres.

After getting the teachers off, rumors began to spread about

that the brigands were likely to enter the city in spite of the desire of the Turks to keep them out and it seemed as if I must take my flock of girls and flee. Several times we made preparations to flee—once by moonlight—but each time we were prevented by the failure of carriage men to come for us. We had several sick girls who could not walk and also some very small children who would have to ride, so we were kept back by them. Finally the very day when we really did succeed in getting the necessary carts, some English officers appeared in the city, having come by a motor which runs on the rails, and they told me to wait for a few days as they were going to run trains down.

That changed things entirely, of course, and it seemed to me that perhaps we might not have to leave at all so long as the British considered it safe to run trains. However, we kept packed up all that we had prepared and awaited developments. On September 17, about 7.30 P. M., I was called to the telephone and found Mr. Curt, Director of the Near East Relief, Constantinople Unit. He told me that it had been decided to remove our institution to Bardezag and that I was to have all my family and *all my equipment* on the station platform by noon the next day. That was a pretty large order considering the transportation facilities in a place like Adabazar and the amount of my equipment, but we did the best we could and had the greater part of the furniture and all the girls ready as he had requested. Finally through a hitch in loading the cars we were not able to leave that day so all the kiddies had to march back to the empty buildings and sleep on the floor rolled up in their blankets which we had fortunately kept out thinking we might reach Bardezag too late to put up beds.

The next day, which was Sunday, we all left Adabazar—the girls loaded into three baggage cars and we teachers in another in which we had put a lounge and some easy chairs so that we came most comfortably. On arriving at Ismid (Nicomedia), Mr. Curt met us and told us he had changed his mind about sending us to Bardezag but that the girls were to be given over to Miss Holt here in Ismid. After consulting with Miss Holt and later with Mr. Curt, we decided to divide responsibility. Miss Holt

was to take charge of the housing, clothing, etc., of the children, and I would then take charge of the educational side. And this has been a happy division of labor, which I hope will work out well in the end.

I shall take 150 orphans into my school, for whom the N. E. R. pays. We have taken about 230 day pupils to pay the additional expenses. The people in Ismid are wild with delight at the opportunity thus afforded them for educating their children and the Protestant Community has given me *carte blanche* to do as I like. They are finishing off the upper part of their church and when that is done I can have my whole Preparatory and Kindergarten departments in the church building. At present those departments are very crowded but a few weeks will see them straightened out, I think.

And so I am trying out the problem for the future of our Armenian Girls' High School. It seems to me that there is no question of establishing that school in Adabazar again. The graduates are most anxious for the school to continue and I am sure it would be a thousand pities for it to die out.

Of course I know that the policy of the Board in the future will be more than ever to internationalize their schools but this school is different and I am positive it can support itself in the future as it has in the past if it is given the necessary start and the Board continues to pay the salaries of three American women as formerly. As things are now it looks as if Ismid might be the ideal place for the school. Here, we are in Allied territory and the communication between here and Constantinople is much better than it ever was at Adabazar because we have the sea as well as the railroad. Then the healthfulness of the climate is an added inducement and last, and most important, the people of the city are ready to put their shoulder to the wheel and help just as our Adabazar people used to do. As Adabazar will be Turkish territory, the Armenians will never go back in any numbers.

I haven't said a word about a helper. I need one *exceedingly* as I am all alone to do the English work and also run the school. I must have someone who is *well* because we have so much native food in order to live economically.

## Editorials

Miss Eleanor Foster and Miss Ruth Simpson expect to sail from New York January 15, to join the Marathi Mission. Miss Foster, whose home is in Troy, N. Y., graduated from Vassar in 1918 and has spent the last few months in social service work at the Spring Street Settlement, New York City. She expects to teach in the Girls' School, Ahmednager. Miss Simpson's home is in Binghamton, N. Y., and she has taught several years since her graduation from Cornell University. Her work will probably be educational.

Miss Grisell McLaren sailed from New York January 11, returning after a prolonged furlough, during which she has taken training as a nurse in New Haven. Miss McLaren hopes to join Miss Myrtle Shane, with whom she was associated in Bitlis, in the Caucasus.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Riggs of Harpoot were recently ordered by the Kemalists to go to Constantinople, according to a letter received by the American Board. The reasons were not given, but Dr. Riggs reports the missionaries left in Harpoot, Miss Harley, Dr. Parmalee and his sister, Mary Riggs, as well. He speaks in the highest terms of the relief work as carried on in Talas under the care of Miss Loughridge, Miss Orvis, Miss Richmond, and Near East workers, as he had seen it on his way to Constantinople.

In a recent letter, Miss Richmond speaks of her own joy in being allowed to minister to so many needy ones and of the splendid helpers she has in her relief work in Cesarea. We quote from her letter:

"Before I went home I thought we had fine helpers here, but now I cannot say enough for them. All of my helpers here in the city are new to me, but just as dear as they can be. While I am in Talas during the week, I know that the work is going on faithfully and splendidly. They are few, but fine. Moreover, there is a very deep religious interest, a longing for and finding of the deepest things, among them which would rejoice your heart. Do pray for its extension. Several have lately found Him and



their joy and earnestness for others is beautiful to see. The three and a half months in which I have lived in the city alone have been the most wonderful of all my life, I believe, as I carefully think it over. When I lived here in years past, we were too busy with school work to know people much, but now I know so many and feel that they are mine. I didn't know before I came here that such happiness and joy were possible for human beings."

Dr. Harriet E. Parker of Madura hopes to sail in April for her much-needed and long-overdue furlough. Dr. Ryder, who sailed October 30th, going out to assist in the Woman's Hospital, had the misfortune to fall on ship-board and break her ankle, but at last accounts was doing well.

Rev. E. P. Holton of the Madura Mission, who had looked forward with joy to returning to his work in Gudalur and expected to sail January 19, is critically ill with pneumonia at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

A cable has just brought the sad news of the death of Miss Ruth Holland, of Uduvil, Ceylon.

As we are omitting the detailed list of gifts for reasons of economy, a brief summary of the receipts is given on the last page.

**THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD**  
**RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, DECEMBER 1—31, 1920**

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From C. W. M.	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
<b>1919 .</b>	\$17,813.56	\$11.25	—	\$463.95	\$1,140.80	\$19,429.56
<b>1920 .</b>	19,044.35	826.52	\$4,213.31	—	1,091.52	25,175.70
<b>Gain .</b>	\$1,230.79	\$815.27	\$4,213.31			\$5,746.14
<b>Loss . .</b>				\$463.95	49.28	

OCTOBER 18—DECEMBER 31, 1920

<b>1919 .</b>	\$29,909.60	\$1,373.25	—	\$14,716.59	\$1,586.49	\$47,585.93
<b>1920 .</b>	27,473.45	1,945.58	\$8,723.20	13,651.97	1,515.70	53,309.90
<b>Gain .</b>		\$572.33	\$8,723.20			\$5,723.97
<b>Loss . .</b>	\$2,436.15			\$1,064.62	\$70.79	

## A Memorable Day at White Plains, New York

"The most memorable day in the history of the Westchester Church." That is what one of the pastors prophesied it would be in the morning and what he declared it had been in the evening of New Year Sunday, 1921. The special occasion was the commission and installation service of Miss Lillian Picken as the missionary of the Westchester Church in Satara, India. For seventeen years Mrs. Theodore S. Lee has been the representative in Satara of this ever-growing church, and this relationship has



Miss Picken

been a unique one in the unusual warmth of devotion and loyalty of support rendered by all the members to their missionary abroad and by her to them. Mrs. Lee has now become Associate Secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions as she feels she must remain in this country with her two children, and the church has assumed the support of Miss Picken, who was associated with Mrs. Lee for a short time in the Satara station, under the support of the W. B. M. I., and returns there after her furlough.

The "memorable day" began, as far as public services go, with missionary messages in the Sunday Schools of the three churches of White Plains, Scarsdale, and Chatterton Hill which together make up the Westchester Church. The communion service was celebrated in each of the churches and Miss Picken was received as a member.

The installation and commission service was preceded by a half hour prayer service of pastors, missionaries and officers, led by Mr. Fred B. Smith, who also offered the prayer of invocation at the larger service. The Scripture reading was by Rev. Hugh Hubbard, a child of the church, on furlough from his mission station in Paotingfu, China. Miss Calder, Home Secretary of the Woman's Board, a personal friend of Miss Picken, gave the installation address on the subject, "Victorious Personality," taking as her text, II Cor. 2: 14—'Thanks be unto God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest through us

the savor of His knowledge in every place." The commission was given by Mrs. Franklin Warner, President of the Woman's Board of Missions, who is a member of the church. Rev. John Stapleton, the pastor of the Scarsdale Church, gave the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. Henry M. Dyckman, pastor of the Chatterton Hill congregation, who is just beginning his service in this church, offered the prayer of consecration for the missionaries and pastors and the congregation.

The central feature of the service was the "Passing of the Torch," Mrs. Lee's charge to Miss Picken in behalf of Satara. In introducing Mrs. Lee, Rev. William D. Street made it very clear that while the church is rejoicing in adding a new missionary they continue to retain Mrs. Lee also as their missionary at home, where she will be more accessible for consultation and advice on missionary work of the church. Mrs. Lee spoke of the joy of her seventeen years of service as a missionary of the church, and of her feeling of obligation to bear witness more strongly than ever to the needs of Satara and the successes of the work there. She took in her hands a lighted Indian lamp and as she passed it to Miss Picken she gave the charge to her successor, expressing her happiness in passing the torch to one who was already her friend and the friend of the women of Satara who need her so much.

At the young people's service in the evening, led by Miss Grace Vining, one of the church members and a Student Volunteer at Oberlin, Miss Picken spoke more personally of her own life, telling how she came to be a missionary, and challenged the young people to make it their daily task to win others to Christ and His service.

The most prominent piece of decoration in the overcrowded chapel which serves as the White Plains church is the church service flag with twenty-five stars, representing members in various forms of missionary service, a silent but forceful testimony to the effective missionary education carried on in the church since its organization twenty-two years ago in a carpenter's shop. Another practical evidence of the sense of stewardship on the part of the members is in the returns from the Every Member Canvass, which increased the benevolence budget in the White Plains church alone from \$3,000 to \$9,000.

## In the Zenanas of India

By Mrs. L. H. Gates, Sholapur

THE house was built plumb on the edge of the road. It was an imposing affair of brick and stone, with stone steps leading into the doorways and a parapet on either side of the steps, where a row of bright flowering plants added to the cheer of the welcome. The master of the house, dressed in European clothing, met us at the door and greeted us warmly. The room which we entered was attractively furnished in European fashion. There were a few Indian things about. But this was merely the office of the men-folk and we were ushered to the second floor of the house. Here, also, was a large room with chairs of gay upholstery, and tables with tawdry lace covers. China dogs and cats as well as nude figures carrying flower vases graced the mantel. Photograph albums lay conveniently placed on the tables. But on the walls hung an appalling array of ancestors—men dressed in the Indian garb of an earlier day, vividly colored and most amazingly unreal. The sons of the household met us here. They spoke English fluently, were men of education and of importance in the business world. But everywhere we missed the presence of women. There was no sound of swishing skirts or soft voices, no sign of a woman's hand having arranged the room and put the flowers in the stiff vases. Very quickly exhausting our points of contact with the men, we asked if we might see the women of the household.

We were escorted up a flight of steps to the rear of the house. A board walk clung to the sides of the house high up around an open court. In the court at the bottom, nothing was to be seen. No person was allowed in it above or below, except servants or members of the household. About this court, on the women's floor, were many rooms, all with heavy portieres hanging at the doors. As we stepped out on the balcony there were rustling sounds to be heard, especially within one room. The host unceremoniously ushered us in and we found every woman on her feet, with her *sari* pulled down over her face. The host left us

there and immediately there was a buzz of many voices, growing louder as the sound of his footsteps died away. There were six women in the room. All were young except the wife of the host, who was the queen bee in this hive. The others were wives of her five sons, all of whom were in deadly fear of her wrath. They were all weighted down with gold and silver like a Queen of Sheba. Chains of fine workmanship and of graduated length hung around their necks, forming a breastplate from the neck to the waist. Their arms were concealed from wrist to shoulder with bracelets of silver, gold and ivory. Heavy silver ornaments were on their ankles, and the toes were covered with a network of silver chains. Nose rings were hung with large pearls and rubies. Silver chains were hung from the hair, fastened just where it was parted in front and looping from there to the ears, where great silver bells hung from the ear lobes. Fingers also were covered with rings. In fact, there was not a possible place for anything to be put, which was not concealed by these signs of the wealth of the family. The *saris* of green, purple, orange, red and blue, with their gold and silver borders added the finishing touch to a truly Oriental scene.

The conversation centered about ourselves,—our ages, the number of wives our husbands had, our children, etc. Then we took our turn at asking questions. We found that those women are not allowed to leave this floor of the house except when they are to take a railway journey, at which time the greatest care to keep them concealed is taken. They never remove their jewelry,—not even for sleeping, and they assured us that it wasn't uncomfortable to sleep in when you were used to it. Their importance in that room depended upon the number of their children, especially the number of boys. The old mother-in-law was a typical Indian virago, ruling them with no gentle hand. Some of them were very fortunate in that they had had a chance to learn to read and they begged us for books. Their time is spent entirely in embroidering borders for their *saris* or making caps for their children, ornamented with silver and gold. And the high pitched voices carry on endless petty disputes and quarrels from morning

to night. But their ears are keyed to the sounds of the footsteps which announced the approach of the men folk. Instantly every voice was silent and every woman was on her feet. The old mother was the only one who was allowed to sit in the presence of her lord and master. With their urgent appeal for another speedy visit ringing in our ears, we were escorted from them to the light and air of the front part of the house where only the privileged male persons were allowed to come. The Zenana knows nothing of the privilege of womanhood and suffrage!

Our wanderings one day brought us to a row of houses where dwelt many policemen. Every door was supplied with a chain which was hooked closely over a staple in the wall of the house. Every chain was in place. It looked as though we should find no one at home there, but our guide stepping briskly to a door called out that the Miss Sahib had come to call and from within a voice summoned us to enter. We found the wife of the policeman going about her housework as though it were the natural thing for her door to be fastened on the outside. In every house of that long row of dwellings were women whose husbands lock them in each morning when they leave for their work. The rooms are dark and the air is close and heavy, but they were compelled to stay there quietly until the master of the house should return.

## II.

### New Women Being Reached at Sholapur

Mrs. Gates writes later :

Another quarter of a year has ended. During that time, we have said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, who left us in August for their furlough in Australia. We have welcomed in their place Mr. and Mrs. McBride, who were formerly stationed here but who, since their last furlough, have been in charge of the work at Sirur. They, with their children, have added much to our Mission circle, and the splendid way in which they have taken hold of the work in the Settlement has been a great inspiration and cause for happiness to all of us. They are

finding the work full of interest and novelty and hope. The chief difficulty is in finding enough Christian teachers and workers of the right character to do work among the criminal castes. One needs to show Christianity at its best in order to let such people see the beauty of that which we are offering them.

The quarter has seen the developing of our new Anglo-Vernacular school for girls. The Government examinations have just taken place, and as usual, the girls in both schools have done well. Miss Fowler is to be congratulated on the success of her venture and for the way in which she has borne up under the additional burdens which have come to her. Miss Wheeler and Miss Welles have put the Kindergarten in first class condition and they have 120 children on the roll. We are letting you take some of the regular work for granted as we wish to tell you some of the interesting things that are happening among our non-Christian acquaintances.

Among the Hindu women of high caste in the city, whom Miss Fowler and Sulochanabai have been able to cultivate during the past twenty years there is one woman who has been especially friendly. Her name is Peradeshinabai, which means "a woman from a foreign country." She cannot tell whether she came originally from some other place or whether her parents merely wished to arouse people's curiosity by giving her a name that was suggestive. At any rate she has been friendly to all of us who are really "from the foreign country." She has always been interested in the girls' school and is very faithful in remembering the orphan children with candy on special days during the year, and especially after their annual examinations. The girls and the teachers visit freely in her home, where they are always welcome.

Recently she came to Miss Fowler asking if there were a teacher available to help her with a sewing school for the women and girls in her neighborhood. The only one available at the time of day when she was wanted was the matron of our girls' boarding department. She is a young woman who is developing splendidly in the work she has. She came to us as a famine child during one of the big famines and was most obstreperous.

The missionary punished her repeatedly, but she ran away more than once and had to be brought back by the police. She was of good caste origin and therefore objected to eating with the low-caste children. But she has grown into a fine woman and is now giving her services in this school for Brahmin children.

Peradeshinabai's daughter, Kausalyabai, and a friend of hers are able to teach the sewing, but our Christian teacher is there at every session and teaches; and now is teaching three of the younger women to read and write. It is simply a wedge which we trust the Lord will open further.

Even our small children have absorbed the spirit of helpfulness and are trying to do their share. The little girls' C. E. Society has adopted the custom of having an occasional meeting under the trees by the roadside somewhere. The first time, many little children from the neighborhood, hearing the singing, came to investigate and stayed to learn. The children sang and prayed and had their little talk about the subject for the day. Before they came away, they promised the children who had gathered to hear them, that the next time they came they would bring them picture cards. Consequently, some weeks later, a large crowd gathered to meet them and showed a great deal of interest. The girls themselves are much interested and feel that they are truly serving their Master.

The last time they went out, some women who were passing stopped to listen. One of them was especially interested and the missionary told her that she would be glad to talk to her at the bungalow whenever she would come. Later it was discovered that this woman was the same one who, during the influenza epidemic had run away from home and come to us begging to be taken in. She was seeking for peace, and it seemed to her that she might find it in our homes. The circumstances were such that it was unwise at the time to allow her to stay with us, and so she had to be persuaded to return to her home and to try and win her people to come with her in her search for peace. Two years had gone by and we had seen nothing of her until she chanced to hear the children singing by the roadside. Since then she has been to the bungalow bringing several of her household with her. The missionaries have talked with her and she has taken home with her several copies of the gospel stories.



## Then and Now at Aruppukottai, India

By C. E. Quickenden

I EXPECTED to be able to send you a letter in September telling all about the touring during July and August—but alas—there was no touring. At the very beginning of July, Dr. Jeffery broke down in health and went away to rest. Mrs. Jeffery had to go to nurse him and I was left alone here and shall be alone until the end of the year. With Mrs. Jeffery's big boarding school as well as my own work I sometimes feel very much like a machine that has to just keep going and going and has not time to even think.

During this year I have especially been noticing the difference in the attitude of the parents of our children. Twenty years ago they would not let their children learn to repeat verses *about Jesus*—they did not so much mind “proverbs.” Now we sell to the children hundreds of Bible verse books, gospels, etc., and they are in every home. Fifteen years ago children, or women pupils of Bible women, who dared to come to our church were likely to be beaten and locked up and in some castes a rule was made imposing a fine of five rupees on any man who allowed women or children to come to our church—and children who spoke of Jesus at home were removed from school and sometimes our school would be half empty for weeks in consequence.

This year our station Christian Endeavor Rally was held in the church and children from three higher classes in each school came to it,—the little ones were not allowed simply because there was *not room*, for the church was packed full. About nine schools were represented. Our Aruppukottai Hindu girls chose for their exercise the story of the young king Josiah cleansing the temple after finding the “Book of the Law.” The girls brought a small idol such as is seen in many homes and a large iron spoon of charcoal and incense to illustrate their former life. Then they told the story of Josiah, and when they came to the part of the cleansing of the temple they overturned the idol, spoon, etc., and holding up a Bible said, “We too have found the Word of God

and so have turned all idol worship out of our lives and we now worship the true God." They finished by singing a very good song about "what a Christian Endeavor Society could be and do." Even I was surprised that not a word of complaint has been heard about it from any parent—they are being won gradually through their children.

Now for Puliampatti School—an even harder atmosphere to work in—because the castes there have little or no education and are still terribly superstitious, but here we are largely breaking down opposition through a few special families. In one family two girls have passed through our school and became Christians, the eldest Luchmi. I've often written about how she refused to marry a Hindu for some time, and was not married until nineteen years old. Then for a year or two it was hard for her—sometimes she was beaten and not allowed to come to church—but gradually her life has told in the home and last month she was able to persuade her husband to come to me for medicine for malaria. He came—but stood far off. He would not even come up to the veranda to get it, seemed afraid of me, still he took the medicine. Prayer followed it and in a few days he came back, *better*, so then ventured a little nearer and also asked for cough mixture. It is against their caste rules to drink *water given by us*, so I explained that this medicine would be *liquid*, would he take it? Yes, he would and did. One week later he came to bring the bottle back—quite well now—and also quite friendly. He came and sat down and we had a nice long talk,—I expect to see him again.

Lachmi's next sister never went to school, but is now being taught at home. The third girl, Sambooranam, was our next student. She also became a Christian before leaving and alas was married as soon as she left the fifth grade, when only thirteen years old. I believe I wrote before how she objected and afterward refused to go with the husband, for he was *bad*, how he took her by force, locked her up in a room in the town, ill-treated her so that they had to get the magistrate to interfere, and she was again handed over to her father. That night the

young man disappeared and we hope he will never come back; we hear that he went to Rangoon.

In the meantime, Sambooranam, with her father's consent, is holding a class in her home for girls of her own age who never went to school. She has now twelve pupils, girls from twelve to sixteen or seventeen years of age. She teaches them to read and write and also teaches the Bible, hymns, and prayer; and on our Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday three of these girls came to church with her and sang a hymn in public.

Perhaps this doesn't mean much to you but I remember being told that my life was in danger if I came into those very same caste people's street only nineteen years ago, so you see it does mean a great change in Puliampatti. I must not forget that the Bible woman's work there too has something to do with it. Luchmi's mother, who was baptized on New Year's Day, is very earnest and rarely comes to church alone, usually bringing some other woman with her, and so through that family we are reaching many souls.

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## News from Aintab via the Lebanon

By Mrs. Lorin Shepard

I AM writing from Miss Frearson's orphanage transplanted from Aintab, where Dr. Shepard and Miss Foreman put me with Baby Alice for safe keeping while they went back to that nightmare in Aintab. It is worse than it has been at any time since the deportations, with the Colonel's frank confession that he sees no prospect of anything to improve the situation during the whole winter. The latest word which left Aintab just a week ago says that the Turks are shelling the Christian quarter with their 105 cm. gun, that all the Americans except my husband and Miss Foreman are coming out (Miss Clarke goes to language school), that the Armenians have been forced to join the French, that the only food, and that is very, very scarce and expensive, is bread and grapes, that Lorin and Dr. Bezjian are the only doctors left in the city, that the

French commanded an attack on the Turks from the Armenian positions which was not altogether successful, that a shell has landed in "Dr. Hamilton's garden" (the hospital house yard, that is) but did no damage except to demolish a small mat shed. The orphans which Miss Foreman had collected since the general orphan exodus last May will come out next week to join Miss Frearson's here.

The rains have begun there and the road which was over ankle deep in dust when we came out will be almost hub deep in mud before long. Convoys are coming and going constantly to stack up the garrison with supplies for all winter. Lorin writes that the vacation here of three weeks helped him wonderfully. Miss Foreman also went back well rested, but the strain on both will be terrific. I hope the Near East Relief will send a Relief Director soon, as Lorin declares he can do only the medical work, and will be overburdened with that.

There are Aintab orphans in Beirut, both boys and girls, waiting for Dr. Hamilton, unless she is summoned to Aintab. There will also be a cry of joy on Miss Trowbridge's arrival as the condition of the Aintab refugees in the city here is pitiful. There are hundreds trying to get to America, and we expect a cargo ship in about a month which will go straight from Beirut to New York, taking about 1000.

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## New Duties and Openings at Uduvil, Ceylon

By Lulu G. Bookwalter

The new classroom block is the best looking building we have as it has an upstairs verandah and it is made on the order of the arch. This new row of classrooms joins the old Tamil School main building to the dormitory, so that one may walk from the verandah of the main hall along past the classrooms to the verandah of the dormitory. There are six classrooms, three up and three down. What a blessing they will be, and how we look forward to them! We will, when we occupy them in January,

take three English school classes out of the dormitory, and we shall take down the temporary bungalow nearest the road, which is a great eye-sore to comers.

The training school entrance class is to study a year instead of one term, and we have drawn up a special syllabus for it. I have been free to let my fancy work in this with the approval of the Director of Education, and we have quite an interesting syllabus of work. The Practising School for the training school we are improving also by giving English to all the children three-quarters of an hour a day. The Tamil School has drawing, singing and English as extra subjects. The English school gets the most attention as English demands more supervision and a higher standard. I have told Miss Clark to concentrate from now until March on three things: Kindergartens—English and Tamil, the Primary English School, and Drawing throughout all the schools. That will keep her busy. The managers of village schools are



Celebrating "Old Girls" Day at Uduvil. Miss Howland in centre

calling for kindergarten teachers for village schools and she is organizing them.

Several months ago I was appointed by the governor to serve for a time on the Board of Education for Ceylon. At the first meeting I was put on a Committee to revise the Code for English Schools—to consider the minimum rate of salaries and school fees. On account of this committee, in July, I slept six nights on the train, and spent a full week of vacation sitting every day at work on the Code. I must go again tomorrow evening. I have already missed two meetings because at the beginning of the school term I felt I couldn't leave Miss Clark with the whole school on her shoulders.

The members of this committee would interest you. The Director of Education is chairman, a Burgher is secretary, then members follow—a Hindu, a Tamil, Christian, Buddhist, Catholic Father, a Protestant English missionary gentleman and myself. Two are on the Ceylon Legislative Council. We certainly have some interesting discussions.



"Old Girls" who were in school with Miss Agnew

# Board of the Pacific

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## Editorials

Rev. and Mrs. Emery Ellis sailed from San Francisco in January after some weeks in Idaho, Washington and California.

**Personals.** Mrs. Madeline Waterhouse Nicholson has been at our Headquarters en route with her husband for the Atlantic Coast. They will spend the winter in the vicinity of New York City.

Mrs. Lacy of the Methodist W. F. M. S. has been a recent guest, coming from Shanghai with the latest word concerning our Union Kindergarten Training School at Foochow, where her daughter, Miss Alice Lacy, is the colleague of Miss Bertha Allen of our Board.

Miss Grisell McLaren of the Woman's Board at Boston has been in California for a few weeks before leaving for Boston where she expects to sail for Turkey unless recent developments deter her from doing so. She and Mrs. J. K. Browne had a happy reunion. She was also able to visit with the Armenian girls who were Dr. Reynolds' proteges, now studying at the University of California. Miss McLaren knew them in Van, where she was working when the war broke out.

The annual meetings of most of the Branches of the Board of the Pacific in the Northwest were held in conjunction with the state conferences. All report fine inspiring meetings. In Washington the meeting was held in Spokane and the general topic of the Conference was "Obligations of the Pilgrim Heritage," the

### **Branch Annual Meetings.**

principal speaker of the Woman's meeting being Dr. H. P. Packard of Persia. Mrs. F. A. Noble spoke on Prayer Circles, and Mrs. C. C. Upton on Thank Offerings. Mrs. L. O. Baird presided and

the Vice Presidents were all on the platform and gave their own reports. In Oregon the place was the fine new building of the church at Forest Grove. The program was enlivened by a humorous dialogue to awaken the interest in missionary literature. Mrs. Warren Morse, who has been Acting President for the past year, was elected to fill the office as President.

Idaho, too, has a new president this year in the person of Mrs. J. E. Sears of Bruneau. The Annual Meeting was held at Weiser and the expression class of the Inter-Mountain Institute gave a missionary drama as part of the program, a fine way in which to enlist the interest of the young people. Utah had its meeting at Ogden and Mrs. Otis Cary, formerly of Kyoto, Japan, was with them. Mrs. Edward Merrill, the secretary, gave the report of the Board Annual Meeting and Conferences in San Francisco, which she and Mrs. Simpkin, the president, were able to attend. Mrs. Simpkin is removing to the Pacific Coast, so a new president was elected in the person of Mrs. S. C. Hammond of Salt Lake City, Utah.

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## The Multitude at Our Doors

By Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich, Peking

Although the story of the disturbance in North China is not recent news, Mrs. Goodrich's account is so vivid that we feel sure that the readers of LIFE AND LIGHT will be interested in it.—*The Editor.*

**I**T is not easy to go back and recall the happenings of the last two weeks, which have been filled with suffering and death, with people flying for safety from disbanded soldiers, or to-be-feared looters from among "the submerged tenth."

You have read of the rush to Tientsin, even the week before, and the crowding into the hotels of the Legation Quarter.

Our first request, here in the American Board Mission at Peking, came the second of July from a former viceroy. On the seventh a meeting was called of the foreigners and influential Chinese to see what could be done. Dr. Wilder, Mrs. Ingram, my husband and myself all expected to leave that week for work



or for vacation, we four being the only foreigners left in the compound. It was voted to get in coal and grain (rice), borrowing money, expecting it would be returned.

Dr. Wilder and others looked after defences, Mr. Pi, the pastor, after supplies, while Mrs. Ingram and I began getting the buildings in order. The middle building, or first dormitory of Bridgman Academy, was filled at once, as well as much of the Bible School, by a viceroy's family, and by another official family; school girls, largely from well-to-do families, sought their school, notably those of the Pei Yuen, so that by Sunday the eighteen rooms, all of the school rooms, recitation rooms, library, kindergarten, Fu Tung Chapel, were filled, nay, crowded, even to the hallways and verandahs.

Many registered who did not finally come in, as it was not the poor that came, but the wealthy and official classes with their nurses; as we did not furnish food at this time, the poor were not attracted. Registering, with tickets for reentering, was attended to by teacher Li and his aides. Mr. Hung, returned from France, did fine work at the back gate. We simply had a wonderful family of high class ladies, lovely young girls and adorable little children with babies galore from one month old upward. We gradually developed a really excellent organization, so that we had all sorts of committees—Sanitation, Rooms, Food, Evangelization, Lectures, Errand Girls, Boy Scouts, etc. Hot and cold water we kept on tap. Our Chinese had equal authority with the foreigners. The whole affair would have been a failure without their unwearied service. Gradually all the houses, ours, Mrs. Sheffield's, the ladies', as well as the schools, were filled. Dr. Wilder's dining room had a family of seventeen. All breakables and nice furniture were removed, and open things were sealed up with paper.

Our courts looked so lovely with the green grass and flowers and trees, and all these beautiful children, babies and young girls walking about. Games were held every evening by the Game Committee. Evening prayers were held in the School Court, and Bible School each night. Amongst the interesting guests

were the five-year-old son of one family whose father and mother had gone away; one mother who brought her own family here, as "the foreigners know how to take care of children"; members of Prince Ching's family; members of the head of the National Museum in the Imperial City, of the Rear Admiral of the Navy, wives and children of the military commanders on both sides; members of the Educational Board, the Government University and Higher Normal School, and of the various "Ministries."

Miss Wu and I assigned all rooms, so that I learned the floor capacity of the compound. We had ninety-nine rooms and places in eight halls, not counting Min Lun Tang, the school for non-Christian women, which was full, nor the homes of the foreigners. We systemized the work so that matters ran quite smoothly. Besides the men's committees—Registration, Protection, etc., we had an Oversight Committee, which each night saw that the lights were out and that there was no smoking. Two girl students were at the entrance of the Academy to watch the gate, and two to find the friends when men came to see their wives and babes. No man was allowed inside the buildings, but it was lovely in the cool of the evening to see the family groups walking through the grounds. Two or three fathers never failed to come and play with their babies.

Each family provided its own food, either going out to eat or having prepared meals sent in, but over 3,000 catties of rice was on hand in case of need. We used no foreign houses or rooms until we felt the time had come. We felt assured in our hearts that every one who was absent would want to help in this marvelous opportunity. We had prayed for guidance in the work of winning "China for Christ," and now God had sent the multitude to our very doors, not the poor, but the very influential. I enjoyed working with Mrs. Ingram and the Chinese. The desire to help animated all hearts.

We admitted no men and no boy over twelve years, with one rare exception. He came walking, or rather dragging one foot after the other, with an attendant on either side, an old man with

a long white beard, tall and stately, and, lo, hanging from his button was one of our entrance tickets. How did he get it? we asked. "Fu Tai Tai (Mrs. Goodrich herself) said I could come in!" Ah! these southern dialects. I never knew I had promised this. When I expostulated, saying the Refuge was for women and children only, he lifted his long white beard. Because of my own white-bearded husband, my heart was touched. Mrs. Ingram helped me out, suggesting Mrs. Sheffield's study with its outside door. It was General C—— who had applied.

The Chinese worked so beautifully with us. Love, courtesy and thoughtfulness characterized almost every act. As I said, we gave no refuge to men, only to frightened women, with the prayer that those who have shared in the cruel wrong to China might have their eyes opened. I felt all the time as if the Spirit of God had been brooding over our compound.

Mrs. Ingram and I did all we could to put away articles and protect them. We were both refugees in the British Legation in 1900. I shall never forget the day I spent with Mrs. —— in the drawing room of the British Legation as her little American baby struggled in vain for life. Nothing in that room which had been the scene of so many functions of international character was too good, and when a little casket was needed, Lady MacDonald brought the white silk with which to cover it.

The using of our compound and of our belongings has been our beautiful chance to show that nothing really needed was too good for God and His Kingdom.

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#### Quotable Sayings from Great Missionary Leaders

"That life is most worth living whose work is most worth while."

"Other people are talking brotherhood, the missionary is exemplifying it."

"The message for the hour is for the main body to come up to the firing line."

"The best remedy for a sick church is to put it on a missionary diet."

## Field Correspondents

Dr. and Mrs. Beals of Wai write of tour among the villages:

Every day we met many old friends who had been hospital patients, and we had a most cordial welcome everywhere. In one of the villages, one of our largest meetings was held until nearly midnight right on the spot where one of the young preachers with us was stoned a few years ago when trying to preach there with one of our missionaries. At this meeting, there, this year, one of the leading citizens of the place, a lawyer and a high-caste Hindu, came forward and offered to help us with the music. He is an excellent drummer and we gladly accepted his offer. He was a patient in the hospital for several weeks, a while ago.

We have lately become friends with a wealthy Mohammedan gentleman and his wife who live here. He is called "His Highness, the Nawab Saheb"; he is a young man about thirty-five, who was brought up in a Mission school by an English missionary lady. He is therefore well educated and speaks excellent English, is perfectly at ease with English ways and manners. At present he represents the Mohammedan community of the Bombay Presidency on the Governor's Council. First we were called professionally to see his wife, "The Begam Saheba." She lives in close "purda," i. e., she is never seen by men, excepting her husband and near relatives. The house they live in has a garden about it which is entirely enclosed by a wall eight or ten feet high. Outside of this the "Beham Saheba" never steps without being closely veiled. Dr. Lester Beals has been to see this same lady before when she was sick, but had to feel her pulse and examine her as best he could behind a curtain, without seeing her at all.

This time we were asked to go in together, much to our surprise. The "Nawab Saheb" received us at the gate, and conducted us into where the "Begam Saheba" was waiting for us, in a cool apartment tiled in green and pink, with green and pink tinted glass at the windows. Her costume of chiffon over green and gray silk, with pink silk stockings, was most beautifully suited to her light brown velvety skin. And it was a wonder to

us to see with what grace and ease she sat and talked with us, a woman inured to rigorous seclusion, yet able to hold her own dignity with the strange member of the forbidden sex in the room. After a little general conversation, the gentlemen withdrew, and I talked alone with "Her Highness." I have seldom seen anyone so hungry for life, for friends, for education. As the men left the room, she got up and came to me, and putting her hands on my shoulders said, "Don't go. Stay. Come and see me often, won't you?" and much more which all meant, "I am so glad you came." She tried to get me to come and teach her English regularly, so that she could read English books, she said, but really meant that she wants to have someone come to see her often.

After having done all we could for her professionally, the Begam Saheba had tea and cookies brought in and, much to my satisfaction, sat and drank tea with us, which never happens in a Hindu house, because of their caste rules. Afterwards I had the opportunity to urge the Nawab Saheb to let his wife come to see us in our bungalow. And he promised if we sent away all the men who might happen to be around: the gardener, the cook, etc., she could come. So a few days ago she came. Her husband brought her in his auto all covered over with a huge white cloth so that no one could catch a glimpse of her Highness.

**Miss Ethel M. Beeman, the new American kindergartner for the Instituto Colon, writes from Guadalajara.**

I am very happy here in Guadalajara. I escaped the necessity of being submitted to the adjusting process. Things Mexican seemed natural from the first, although I have lived in the country only a year before, and the people of the mission are almost all old friends whom I am glad to see and live with again.

I have seventeen kindergarten children and shall soon have a few more who are waiting to be a little older before they come to school. The children are all interesting, responsive and lovable. One small boy can quickly and skillfully make out of clay anything from a king with a crown on his head and riding upon an elephant to a dead man in a coffin with the lid closed

over him. At least fifteen out of the seventeen are especially good in music. They all love stories, and the same ones that children in the United States and everywhere else do. We have been on several excursions and one child asked rather wistfully why we hadn't yet been to the house of the three bears. The parents are very eager that their children shall learn English, for they think the knowledge of that language is the high road to the United States and to wealth. Most of the kindergarten children can intelligibly say, "Good morning" now—either by day or by night. Two little girls who have acquired this degree of fluency have a brother who can walk but not yet talk, being about a year and a month old. They explained soberly and apologetically that the reason he didn't come to school was because he didn't know how to speak English.

I have a Mexican assistant who is supposed to profit in some measure from being with me, and from whom I profit a great deal because of my insufficient knowledge of Spanish and her much longer acquaintance with this kindergarten. She had charge of it herself last year and this fall during September.

In the afternoons I teach English in the first and second grades, and our vocabulary includes dog, cow and pig. Until my attention was called to it by the children, I had never realized how much easier and pleasanter it is to say "pig" than either of the other words.

In the afternoons, too, I take Spanish lessons and a Mexican old maid school ma'am teaches me. The epithet refers neither to age or married state, but to that complexity of disposition, temperament and style which one associates with that title. I have thus learned some little Spanish grammar and the fact that old maid school ma'ams are a type not indigenous in New England but found the world over.

That is practically all my work and it sounds like very little, but it keeps me busy most of the hours of the day. I think those who arranged it for me have thoughtfully planned to introduce me little by little to the work rather than to fling me in beyond my depth. I hope later to be at least a subordinate, if not the

chief, in the primary department of one of the Sunday schools, to train more girls to be teachers in the kindergarten and to do a lot of other things.

The school, it seems to me, runs and is run extremely well. There are twenty-five more pupils than there were last year, and the boarding department grows so fast that the number of girls will soon outgrow the number of rooms. School life is very much alive. Last night the girls gave a most entertaining Hal-lowe'en party and tonight they are singing at a special service at the church. They have learned so many of the songs and games and customs and have caught so much of the spirit of Mount Holyoke that I sometimes think I'm back there.

**Miss Louise Clark of Aintab writes from Constantinople.**

It was a surprise to receive a letter from our trained nurse, Miss Louise Clarke, written at Constantinople, November 11, 1920, but we were glad to know that the station had been able to make arrangements for her to be spared for a year of language study, which is certainly vital to her future work. A new language school has just been opened and both Miss Snell and Miss Clarke, who are our newest Turkey missionaries, are in attendance. Miss Clarke writes:—

Here I am now in Constantinople to attend the new language school. I have run away from the fight in Aintab, leaving there on the 16th of last month, and arrived here last Sunday by boat from Beirut. It was very hard to leave home, especially when the hospital was quite filled up with sick and wounded—mostly Frenchmen. Mr. Boyd and I came out with the Aintab Reo truck, with two other American young men and their two trucks, with which they have been back and forth with the French convoys, to bring in food with. Our trip out was very interesting. We brought the remainder of our orphanage out with us—about seventy orphans—which finishes up all of that work in Aintab. The children were packed into about twenty wagons, which lined up with the French, six hundred wagons, at daybreak. The convoy formed over back of a hill south of the College, so that it could go quietly away without having the Turks know too much about it. We traveled from 5.30 until about noon, when we stopped and camped until early the following morning.

The French officers, many of whom were friends of ours, were

very kind; one of them let us have his own tent and others invited us to a turkey dinner in their tent that evening. So, as the children had behaved themselves, and we had no attacks on the road, the whole trip was rather a "lark" than a hardship. At the station of Sadjour we found our Aintab Colonel waiting to greet us and to take us to the wonderful underground camp for lunch that noon and dinner in the evening. That camp is most remarkable. It is entirely underground—about all that's visible on top of the field is a mud tower, barbed wire and trenches. The Turks fired over 800 cannon shells onto the camp, succeeding in wounding *one* man *slightly!* We slept in freight cars that night and took the four hour run down to Aleppo the next day, staying in Aleppo over that Monday night and came on down to the Lebanon the next day.

After spending a couple of days in the Mountains with Mrs. Lorin Shepard and Miss Alice (who's the *dearest* little baby—or *big* baby rather—that I have ever seen!) I took the boat on which Dr. Hamilton had just arrived, and came up here. No one knew that I was coming, as I brought my letters of application to the school out with me! but they all seemed to be looking for me just the same, and *O such* a lovely place—*such* a lovely home, school, teachers; it is going to be one of the very best years in my life I am sure. We expect the new people from America tomorrow—then school will start in with a full program.

A letter from Miss Fannie Griswold of Maebashi, Japan, has an air of good cheer about it. This is partly due to the fact that her financial worries have been relieved by the action of the Board in giving an additional salary grant this year to all missionaries in Japan who have been so hard hit by high prices that it has been impossible to live on their old salaries. Instead of raising their salaries the Board has given an additional grant with the hope that another year may see a change in living conditions. Another cause for good cheer is the quite steady growth which Christianity is making in the community where Miss Griswold works and especially among the pupils of the school. She says:—

Thank you good people for helping us so much financially. It makes life a different matter—when you don't need to worry about things so much. We enjoyed Miss Calder's visit, but all of your visits are too short and we really do worry about what



impressions you may get about the work. You cannot see us as we really are under such circumstances.

There are a number of girls preparing for baptism the Sunday before Christmas, December 19. We try to make this Sunday especially one for the girls as Easter is apt to come in vacation. Seven in the Senior class are engaged in Sunday school work. This is the fourth year I have worked over these girls and they are a source of gratification to me. They put themselves into this work and I hope will be able to continue something of the same kind when they go home. But there is the rub. Environment is all against them and they are young and tender.

The church here has now a young worker who is doing very well. There are many problems but we are better off than last year at this time. The best work is done with the rising generation. Five boys were baptized last Sunday, November 21, and fifteen taken into the church by letter. A pastor from Niigata is now holding cottage meetings every day. There is no end of openings to those who have ideas and love and patience. Except when the newspapers and other periodicals come we forget the government of Japan,—the far eastern questions, and the California questions.



Miss Alice Adams of Okayama and her gardener The kitty is a household pet.

Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

## A Lenten Message from Our President

I wonder what Christ considered as His most important fruit. When we speak of showing forth Christ in our lives we think first of the development of our own character. We must be honest, gentle, loving, sincere, obedient. And yet I do not believe Christ devoted much of the time after He was thirty to personal development of character. He was obedient as a child and was seeking spiritual and intellectual enlightenment at twelve years. His character was tested at the beginning of His ministry by such deep and terrific temptations as are beyond our understanding. And He prayed, hour upon hour, all His life. But the end and aim of His life spiritually was no more the growth of His character than was the aim of His life physically to save from pain and death the human body in which He lived. His character was the natural and necessary outgrowth of the utter subservience of His will to God.

Christ lived the short span of His manhood for only one thing, to save men from sin. The fruit of His life was the souls of men. It would be easier for me if I could believe that the fruit God asked me to bear was a simple, gentle, loving, sincere womanliness, rather than fruit of Christ's bearing. But He said, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." He means that we are living our span of life for one thing, to save men from sin. And how shall we do it?

I know a man who never travels on a steamer or on a train over night or is thrown with a group of people for any length of time without telling some one about the power of God to save men from sin. And he can do it naturally and wholesomely. All of us may not feel able to do that. Some of us may have to talk through others, support those who are telling the story. Yet I have a notion that we miss a great blessing in not being a first hand messen-

ger. Why are we so afraid? Why are we so dull at seeing opportunities? The eye that is not trained cannot detect the different varieties of mosses and grasses. The untrained ear fails to note the different bird songs. The person who is not filled with a desire to proclaim Christ walks through a throng of possibilities unconscious of them.

I would not disparage the influence for God of a life which by its acts of charity tells a story of Christ. It is one way, it is a first way, but I do believe that as we grow we will find other ways. We will not only do good deeds but we will tell of the love that has led us to do them. Our charities, our pet philanthropies, are the outward symbol of something we have within. We love others because God loves us. We give a cup of cold water as unto the Lord. And yet we are unable to speak of Him easily by name! We will discuss the best machinery for the great workshop of church and charity, the wheels, the boiler tubes, the belts and connections, but never a word of the flame, the glowing fire which is the heart of it all and without which all this elaborate mechanism is dead and powerless and cold.

"I am the Vine. Ye are the branches." We can bear the same fruit that the parent stock has borne. I want to make a plea that during this Lenten time we may dwell so close to the Vine and be so constantly thinking of the source of our spiritual life that we will speak of it as naturally and as sweetly as the secret growing place of the wild grape will be told us when June comes round again. As we drive through the country lanes in early June, there comes on a warm sunlit breeze a gentle, pungent, ethereal perfume and we turn to one another and say, "Grapes, the wild grapes are in bloom and here, some time, there will be fruit." So let us be saying, as sweetly, as tenderly, and as persistently as that odor is given forth from the grape, "Love, love, the love of God is here. Come taste and see that the Lord is good."

MRS. FRANKLIN WARNER.

## Lest We Forget

By William T. Demarest

THE whole wide world is troubled. We hear constantly of contending forces, some of them battling with theories; some of them with deadly weapons. The spirit of discontent is rampant. Class strives against class, each confident that its ideas and ideals are those from which may emerge a new and beneficent order. In almost every country on the globe the advocates of that which is not are seeking the overthrow of that which is. In some places revolution has been accomplished and the people are finding that whereas they sought relief from oppression they have but changed masters; and the new are proving as relentless as the old. Truly the times are troubled and to some it seems as though there were no escape from a disorder that if not now present, is everywhere imminent.

We are living in a world that is ill. Through causes which need not here be recited it became inoculated with the spirit of strife a few years ago, and for many months it was in the grip of one of the oldest of world diseases. No nation escaped its ravages, no individual was immune. A world-wide contagion was in possession. Two years ago we thought the disease was conquered, and we celebrated Armistice Day with frenzied rejoicings, and sometimes, alas, with revelries that but showed how far the disease had thrust us back toward the darkness of savagery. But our rejoicings were premature. The war disease was but temporarily subdued, for the germs it engendered are still engaged in their deadly work, changed in some of their symptoms, but dependent for their existence, as they were six years ago, as they have been since the world began, upon selfishness, personal and national.

And now we are remembering a season that should remind us that there is but one sovereign remedy for our sick world; but one serum that may be injected into the social system to kill the pestilence which has caused so much death and suffering in the past six years and which is even now assailing the nations and the homes of the whole world. Jesus Christ, whose birthday we have lately celebrated, came to redeem mankind; to save a sin-

ful world. His teachings, His personality, His supreme sacrifice changed the whole social order. The Gospel which He entrusted to His disciples is today uplifting the world and saving mankind. Some so-called Christian lands have fallen again into the sin of selfishness and a disordered world resulted. But that circumstance does not change the unalterable fact of the sufficiency of the Gospel of Christ to transform a warring world.

No man may be saved against his will. No nation may have righteousness thrust upon it. It is only as individuals accept Christ's leadership and impress upon their communities and their nations the unselfish principles which He taught, that He shall come into the rulership of all men and all nations.

Here then is a thought for this Lenten season. We who profess to follow the leadership of Christ, and who celebrate His coming, are responsible to Him and to the world that this unfailing remedy for national and social ills may be quickly and efficiently made available. Each of us may well ask himself, "What am I doing to help proclaim the Gospel in my nation and the world?" Missions is something more than an abstraction; more than an academic presentation of theology to unfamiliar ears. It is the sending of a vital message of life and hope to the dying. It is the providing of a positive and unfailing remedy for a sick world. If it is to be effective, however, it must permeate the social structure, individual, national and world-wide. We Christians have this remedy in our keeping. Shall we continue to withhold it as we have in times past? How then may we celebrate the passion of Christ if we are unfaithful to His leadership? Each of us has a sphere of influence in the world, and this sphere extends over a large part of our own nation and reaches across the Pacific Ocean to the teeming lands of Asia. Through our gifts to missions, home and foreign, we send the Gospel of Christ to the ignorant and the needy of our land and the lands across the seas. We are helping to cure the sick world. Upon the measure of our co-operation; upon our personal sacrifice; depends the speediness of the cure. Shall we hasten the coming of that day when Christ shall rule the world? When war and discontent shall have passed away? We are His ministers—His physicians.—*The Mission Field* (adapted).

## Our Book Shelf

*A Moslem Seeker After God: Showing Islam at its Best in the Life and Teaching of Al-Ghazali, Mystic and Theologian of the Eleventh Century.* By Samuel M. Zwemer, Author of "The Disintegration of Islam," "Childhood in the Moslem World," etc. Illustrated. 302 pp., including appendices. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

A popular biography of a mediaeval saint is among publishing possibilities, but a popular biography of a mediaeval Moslem mystic is quite possibly beyond them. For it requires as a stimulus to its perusal a well-developed interest in mysticism, Moslems or missions, or in all three. Readers who bring this interest to Dr. Zwemer's "A Moslem Seeker after God" will find in his portrayal of Al-Ghazali many details of historical, religious and missionary interest.

The book consists in part of lectures delivered at New Brunswick Theological Seminary and at the College of Missions at Indianapolis. Materials have been gathered from the "Confessions," the "Revival of the Religious Sciences," the "Alchemy of Happiness," and other writings of Al-Ghazali, from his Arabic biographer, from the history of the East, and from present-day fact and custom in the lands where Al-Ghazali lived.

Apart from the biographical portion of the book, general readers will appreciate the introductory chapter, treating of conditions in the East in the eleventh century, and the closing chapter, showing the limited but undoubted acquaintance of Al-Ghazali with some of the teachings of Christ.

What Anselm was to the Christianity of the West, Al-Ghazali was to the Mohammedanism of the East. They were contemporaries, the one dying but two years before the other. Both were theologians, both were mystics, both were apologists for the faith which they believed, both refuted philosophy to establish faith, both exerted wide influence by their writings.

Al-Ghazali was of Persian birth (1058 A.D.) and died (1111 A.D.) in the town of his birth and education in Khorasan. But he lived his life in the great centers of Islam and was in touch with men and thought from Afghanistan to Spain and from

Kurdistan to South Arabia. His writings reflect this cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Probably he learned to read before he was seven years old. He mastered the Persian and Arabic languages thoroughly, and studied all the science and philosophy of his day. During his student days, he was in search of reputation and wealth through his learning, rather than of piety, and his studies led him into scepticism. When thirty-four years old, he already had acquired fame and was appointed a teacher in the theological school at Baghdad, the capital of the whole of Eastern Islam. Crowds attended his lectures. After four years, however, he suddenly appointed his brother to teach in his place, abandoned all but a small portion of his property and retired from active life.

His "Confessions," which tell us of his spiritual experiences from his youth up to his fiftieth year, explain this unexpected and widely criticised action. He found himself "morally and essentially a thorough-going sceptic." And he realized that his studies were of little value, and profitless as regarded his salvation.

"I probed," he says, "the motives of my teaching and found that, in place of being sincerely consecrated to God, it was actuated only by a vain desire of honor and reputation. I perceived that I was on the edge of an abyss, and that without an immediate conversion I should be doomed to eternal fire. . . . I remained torn asunder by the opposite forces of earthly passion and religious aspiration for about six months. At the close of these my will yielded and I gave myself up to destiny."

Leaving Baghdad as a pilgrim, Al-Ghazali visited Damascus, Jerusalem, Hebron, Mecca, Medina, and then Cairo and Alexandria, returning through Damascus to Baghdad. Ten years were spent in these wanderings. During these years he found the solution of his scepticism in ethical mysticism, and composed a number of his books, including his most important work, the "Revival of the Religious Sciences." His writings and influence gave to mysticism orthodox standing in Islam. He became "the greatest and certainly the most sympathetic figure in Islam."

When he reappeared at Baghdad, people crowded to hear him.

Notes of his sermons were taken as he spoke, one hundred and eighty-three being thus reported, and were circulated after having been read to him for revision.

From Baghdad he withdrew to his native town in Khorasan, spending there the few remaining years of his life in study and contemplation. He died at the age of fifty-four. His younger brother, also a religious teacher, gives the following account of his death: "One morning at dawn my brother performed the ablution and prayed. Then he said, 'Bring me my grave-clothes,' and took them and kissed them and laid them on his eyes and said, 'I hear and obey to go in to the King.' He stretched out his feet toward Mecca, and was taken to the good will of God Most High."

Consideration of the life of such a man, evidently religious, unquestionably sincere, possessed of keen insight into certain types of religious experience, earnest in admonition of his fellows, lofty in many of his teachings, raises inevitably the question wherein essentially his life differed from that of a believing Jew or Christian. Dr. Zwemer suggests certain answers. For readers with missionary interest, this question will demand settlement. Its solution is vital to the success of missions to Mohammedans.

J. E. MERRILL.

*The Riddle of Nearer Asia.* By Basil Mathews. George H. Doran Company, Publishers. Price: \$1.25.

Any book is sure of a reading and a welcome that has an appreciative foreword from Viscount Bryce. He speaks of the book as opportune on account of the problems raised by the end of the war and that Mr. Mathews from his wide travel and keen observation is well fitted to discuss these vital issues.

He emphasizes the fact that the first thing is to get rid of the irredeemable Turk who has been a curse everywhere. One significant remark of Mr. Bryce's is that "the young Turks who made the massacres were not fanatics, but Prussianized politicians, some practically atheists, very few really Moslems."

In the prologue the author speaks of being in Tarsus in the



early spring of 1914. He saw camels swinging along with their burdens just as caravans of camels have come across that plain since the dawn of history. And then he says a strange thing happened. Across the snow-ridge of the Tarsus mountains ten leagues away there came a black spot in the sky. It was the first aeroplane that was ever seen in that region and it was a military aeroplane. It was the dawn of a new day for countries so long sunk in apathy.

Mr. Mathews has a dramatic way of putting his subject matter and the titles of some of his chapters indicate this. "The Clash of Empires," "The Dawn of a New Humanity," "The People of the Camel," "The Discipline of Israel," suggest very interesting and remunerative reading. The book is enriched by an index and a map of southwestern Asia.

G. H. C.

## Junior Department

### The Cradle Roll and Missions

In the past year there have been so much discussion and so many requests for information regarding the present status of the Cradle Roll in its relation to missions, that the Junior Department is glad to take this opportunity for a frank discussion of the matter, believing that this article may be of help to leaders of Cradle Rolls as well as to missionary Lookouts in our churches.

According to the plan of the past, current and in general use up to within the past two years, the Missionary Cradle Roll has been a separate organization from the Sunday School Cradle Roll and quite closely affiliated with the Women's Missionary Societies and Boards. Much credit for the development of the Cradle Roll Department of the church should be given to the devoted women, through whose efforts the attention of the whole church was called to the necessity for doing something for even the littlest ones, and the necessity for beginning religious education in all its departments at the earliest possible stage in the

child's development. Due to their efforts in large measure have been the popularity and great development of the Cradle Roll movement, for, if they did not themselves originate the plan, at least they pushed it to the greatest extent of their ability. According to that old plan, children were enrolled from birth as members of the Missionary Cradle Roll and continued to belong to it until they entered the Mission Band at seven or eight, graduating from the Cradle Roll into the Mission Band. Two things were required of a Missionary Cradle Roll—the sending of a gift to the Woman's Board each year and the holding of an annual party, at which time stories were told of children in other lands or simple programs to the same purport were presented.

With the past few years, however, the Sunday School Cradle Roll has grown and multiplied. It has met in many instances the needs which the Missionary Cradle Roll met before, and it has gradually extended its age limit to cover the same range of ages, where in its earlier days it was intended for the tiniest babies only. Many church workers report that, whereas they feel the need still of interesting the mothers in babies around the world as they were able to do through the Missionary Cradle Roll, they are finding it increasingly difficult to reconcile the two departments. We need give no argument here for the Sunday School Cradle Roll. It is a necessary part of every School's development, an essential part and one which has justified itself in many ways in its years of growth. That it is perfectly possible, however, to maintain that department at its greatest height and introduce into it a valuable and important feature, namely, the Missionary Department of the Cradle Roll, we are fully convinced. It has been done and done successfully.

#### WHY?

At this point we should, of course, present some of the arguments given to us, by those who have tried it, as to why we should maintain this connection when the need of organizing Missionary Cradle Rolls only seems to have passed. The reasons underlying this connection we believe to be two-fold. First:—That mothers

need it. "I never in my life so appreciated the blessedness of my own life as a mother in America or was so fully conscious of my own blessings as a Christian mother, as I have been since my little daughter became a member of a Cradle Roll that had a missionary department," said one mother recently. Few are they among the mothers of this country today who understand with any sympathetic, real understanding the problems of motherhood in other lands, and the overwhelming sorrows and sufferings which form the daily life of mothers in India and Africa and China and the uttermost parts of the earth. Fewer still are those who realize that they have a real service to render for those other mothers afar and that in the name of their own little ones, healthy and safe in Christian America, they may make life bigger and brighter and safer for little ones in another land. All this they may do, if in the Sunday School Cradle Roll there is, however simply arranged, a missionary department or a missionary feature, call it by whatever name may seem most helpful.

Second:—The children need it. Many have argued that our littlest people have no point of contact and no means of comprehending the life of a child in any other land whose experiences are so far different from their own. Up to a certain point this is true, but it has become an established fact that from four or five to seven years of age the child is acquiring a new world which may well include, even without any geographical locations, the life of a little person, under very different conditions, but very interesting conditions, in whose home and friends the American child may become truly interested. Not many months ago a mother was heard to say emphatically, "I do not believe that my child could possibly understand the life of a Chinese boy or girl, that it would mean anything at all to him." And within half an hour this same mother was telling enthusiastically of the great enjoyment of her little boy in the story of the "Dutch Twins." If Holland, why not China or India or the Philippines? The Junior Secretary has a keen and distinct memory of a little boy who listened with great excitement and thrill to the story of a little friend of his own, as he came to think of him, who "lived a long way over the

water many miles from here in a country we call China," and she believes firmly that that same little boy could never have quite the attitude of some of our own church people who do not believe in foreign missions because they do not understand and, in their own words, "don't really know much about them." Instead of being now and then mildly aroused for the queer, outlandish heathen of other lands, he will be actively interested in his "friends overseas." In other words, from him and others like him, we shall have the missionary church of tomorrow.

NOTE: A continuation of this article will appear in the next number of LIFE AND LIGHT, in which we shall discuss methods and materials for the Missionary Department of the Cradle Roll.

### Summary of Receipts, December 1-31, 1920

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Cong'l World Movement	\$4,213.31	New Haven Branch	2,399.69
Gifts not credited to Branches	1,191.52	New York State Branch	2,413.07
Eastern Maine Branch	136.00	New Jersey Branch	810.18
Western Maine Branch	695.41	Pennsylvania Branch	381.06
New Hampshire Branch	488.25	Southeast Branch	486.60
Vermont Branch	1,327.20		
Andover and Woburn Branch	1,731.10	<b>TOTAL FOR DECEMBER</b>	
Barnstable Association	35.61	Donations	\$19,870.87
Berkshire Branch	1,494.81	Cong'l World Movement	4,213.31
Essex North Branch	49.95	Buildings	1,744.83
Essex South Branch	285.45	Specials	293.19
Franklin County Branch	20.15		
Hampshire County Branch	229.44	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$26,122.20</b>
Middlesex Branch	458.54		
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	548.92	<b>TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18 TO DECEMBER 31,</b>	
North Middlesex Branch	71.89	1921	
Old Colony Branch	175.10	Donations	\$29,419.03
Springfield Branch	20.26	Cong'l World Movement	8,723.20
Suffolk Branch	3,120.00	Buildings	5,400.09
Worcester County Branch	943.29	Specials	874.49
Rhode Island Branch	149.46	Legacies	1,000.00
Eastern Connecticut Branch	823.53		
Hartford Branch	1,422.41	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$45,416.81</b>

# Loan Library

## BIBLIOGRAPHY:

### THE NEAR EAST: CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD.

The Riddle of Nearer Asia . . . . .	Mathews
The Lure of Africa . . . . .	Patton
Islam: A Challenge to Faith . . . . .	Zwemer
The Nearer and Farther East . . . . .	Zwemer and Brown
Crescent and Iron Cross . . . . .	Benson
Reconstruction in Turkey . . . . .	Hall
Ambassador Morgenthau's Story . . . . .	Morgenthau
The Tragedy of Armenia . . . . .	Papazian
Constantinople: Old and New . . . . .	Dwight
In the Valley of the Nile . . . . .	Watson
Christian Approach to Islam . . . . .	Barton
In the Land of Ararat . . . . .	Barrows
Daybreak in Turkey . . . . .	Barton
Leavening the Levant . . . . .	Greene
An American Physician in Turkey . . . . .	Ussher and Knapp
Arabia: The Cradle of Islam . . . . .	Zwemer
Masoud the Bedouin . . . . .	Carhart
A Muslim Sir Galahad . . . . .	Dwight
Who Follows In Their Train? . . . . .	Holmes
The Knock on the Door . . . . .	Holmes
The Dawn of a New Era in Syria . . . . .	McGilvary
Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss . . . . .	Bliss
Shepard of Aintab . . . . .	Riggs
A Moslem Seeker After God . . . . .	Zwemer
The Influence of Animism on Islam . . . . .	Zwemer

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